THE New Republic

Banning the "Dirty Bomb"

An Editorial

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Soviet Economic Growth

"On that day when the non-Communist world taken as a whole finds the way in which it can outrun the Communist world in the rate of economic growth without using totalitarian means, Communism will be defeated—and until then it will not be."

BY THOMAS P. WHITNEY

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
26 1957

Partnership with Canada . . . . . *Philip Deane*

A Make-Your-Own-Poem Kit . . . . . *Donald Hall*

From Bunk to Buncombe . . . . . *James T. Farrell*

Mr. Dooley and Mr. McLeod . . . . . *Editorial*

APRIL 29, 1957 25c

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Washington Wire

Tax time—for you and me

THE ARAMCO oil scandal just won't down. You and I paid income taxes this month. Aramco, a Delaware corporation, had net profits of more than a quarter billion dollars ($280 million) and paid no US income taxes at all. Surely this is impossible, you say. No, it's so. It epitomizes and dramatizes better than anything else we know the really incredible power and special political privilege of the greatest agglomeration of wealth in the United States, namely the oil industry.

Aramco (Arabian-American Oil Co.) is wholly and jointly owned by four enormous US oil companies to produce and market Saudi Arabian oil. It has two golden gimmicks under US tax law. It gets a 27.5-percent depletion allowance on income tax. It can also cancel out against possible US taxes imposts paid to King Saud. These used to be called "royalties" but are now, under a cozy new arrangement with the King, termed Arabian "income taxes" because that slips through the US Treasury loophole. Between these two gimmicks Aramco pays *no United States income taxes at all.*

These facts were slowly and laboriously spelled out by Senators O'Mahoney, Kefauver and Carroll at a hearing last month with oil company presidents that got virtually no attention. Senate kleig lights were all down on the Beck hearing, a floor below. But this column wrote about it and a few others did. And the simple, central fact could not be obscured (which we can all now repeat in chorus)—on a quarter billion dollar net profit Aramco *paid no US income tax at all!*

On March 27 Paul Douglas (D) of Illinois and Williams (R) of Delaware went to the Senate floor and tried to get a modest reduction in the depletion allowance. Not abolish it, you understand, just cut it. Bless you, they could not even get enough Senators to put up their hands to force a record roll call! But the story is there: pages 3968-3989 of the *Congressional Record.*

At this point one or two broadcasters discovered the astonishing fact — above all, Edward P. Morgan, of ABC, sponsored by the AFL-CIO. Morgan last week received the George Foster Peabody radio news award, the highest honor in the radio field. (" 'Edward P. Morgan and the News' was the outstanding news program for 1956," the citation read.) Morgan has been hammering home the story of Aramco and other foreign oil companies — making their incredible profits by virtue of the golden gimmicks. Gulf Oil, for example, with 50 percent stake in the Persian Gulf sheikdom of Kuwait, which floats on oil, has increased physical assets $1 billion between 1950-1955. It gets the same 27.5-percent depletion tax allowance for Kuwait oil that was designed to compensate for dry holes in hazardous US wildcatting, though *Fortune* magazine in March says the average of dry holes in Kuwait is actually only one in 100 drilled!

Ask George about it

FOR THE life of him Morgan cannot understand how Aramco *pays no US income taxes at all.* He put the matter up to Eisenhower publicly at his April 17 press conference. What he discovered was one more citizen—this time a President—who did not understand the situation and who hardly believed it.

"I don't believe I understand your question completely," the President replied at first.

"I am thinking of a company called Aramco," explained Morgan. He described the situation: "This American company does not have to pay *any* income tax in the United States." The President looked astonished.

"I will have to talk to George Humphrey about this one. I have never had—this is too—" The President's answer trailed off.

The oil depletion allowance is outrageously high at 27.5 percent. Back in 1952 the late Senator Taft called it "to a large extent a gift." Many conservatives, like Taft and Senator Williams of Delaware, point out the extreme advantage it gives oil as against other corporations which must pay the full 52-percent corporate tax. But if the incentive depletion allowance is too high for the US it becomes fantastic for American firms operating in oil-rich areas abroad where the risk may be slight.

Everyman's depletion

REP. HERBERT ZELENKO, 50, (D, N.Y.) has introduced a bill (HR 6912) to authorize depletion allowance for individual taxpayers—you and me—one percent a year from age 45, up. At age 70 the humble citizen with flagging energies would get 25 percent; almost as much as Standard Oil of New Jersey gets now. Zelenko has the curious notion that human resources suffer depletion, too.

Other US extractive industries look jealously on oil and are scrambling to get Congress to give them graduated depletion privileges of their own. A number have succeeded (did you know there are depletion allowances for clam shells?—and commercial sandbanks?). None of these yet approach the incredible golden gimmicks of oil—or Aramco. Regarding the latter (let us all now chant the fact in unison) on annual profits of more than a quarter million dollars it pays *no United States income tax at all.*

Notes

SENATOR MCCLELLAN'S investigation of Teamster Beck was well-organized, expertly handled; that of the Scranton disturbances bumbling, unsuccessful, inconclusive. . . . Eisenhower's personal prestige continues to slip in Congress; seems about as high as ever among the public at large. . . . TVA's fate hinges on the kind of replacement Ike makes to the third board member: liberal Dr. Paty, whose term expires May 18. . . . Trouble faces the GOP from two Democratic Congressional probes, one of the Federal regulatory agencies in the House, the other of fiscal and tight money policy in the Senate; both of them should be honeys.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

APRIL 29, 1957

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From Bunk to Buncombe

VOL. 136, NO. 17, ISSUE 2213

Correspondence

► *McCarthy and Nasser*

SIRS:

"THE Eisenhower Approach — McCarthy & Nasser" by Louis J. Halle, in your April 8 issue is far below the usual standard for Mr. Halle. Of course, I agree fully with his condemnation of authoritarianism and its evil consequences as illustrated by the McCarthy spectacle. However, confusion rather than clarification of basic issues will result from the effort to compare Nasser with McCarthy.

Certainly, from his rich experience, Professor Halle knows that . . . any similarity between McCarthy and Nasser is greatly overshadowed by the dissimilarity of the problems which are symbolized by the two men. Quite clearly, the "problem of Nasser" is a complex international problem and can not be

(Continued on page 23)

Ban the "Dirty Bomb"

NEAR-PANIC in Japan over poisonous bomb debris falling on that country can be explained, in part at least, by the announcement of our Atomic Energy Commission that Russian nuclear tests were held in Central Asia on April 3, 6, 10, 12 and 16. Radioactive elements from the exploding bombs were carried by prevailing winds across eastern Asia to Japan, and Japanese government loudspeakers warned street crowds to boil all water in order to precipitate out the cancer-causing strontium-90, one of the bomb particles.

But even if Japanese fears of immediate health hazards are exaggerated, as appears likely, world-wide anxiety over bomb tests is justified by fact. On April 17, British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, just back from exchanging nuclear data with President Eisenhower, told the House of Commons that he and the Cabinet are "worried about the medical implications" of nuclear tests. The British Atomic Scientists Association is likewise "worried".

This body, which includes the top nuclear scientists of Britain, estimates that 1,000 persons, somewhere in the world, will contract bone cancer for every megaton of test bombs exploded. Since 50 megatons of bombs had been exploded by the end of 1955, the British scientists estimate that by that date 50,000 persons had already been doomed to bone cancer. These cancer cases will become evident over several decades and will be indistinguishable from cancer from other causes, the British report said. Fifty-thousand new, man-made cancer cases are quite a few when compared with 33,000 American battle deaths in the Korean War, or 1,600 American deaths from polio in the last year before the Salk shots began.

The American who reads this British report is left wondering what construction he then dares place upon a recent speech of Willard Libby, nuclear physicist and only scientific member of the US Atomic Energy Commission. For Mr. Libby concluded that "radioactive fallout from nuclear tests is not, nor is it likely ever to be, the danger to the human race in this generation or in later generations which many people have been led to believe."

We can appreciate why Professor Libby differs from his British colleagues only when we examine Libby's source materials in some detail. His opinion on fallout hazards derives principally from the first world-wide study of bomb debris in human bones conducted by three Columbia University scientists, and published in the February, 1957, issue of *Science* under the title "Stronium-90 in Man."

Strontium-90 is a radioactive chemical element thrown into the air by nuclear bomb tests. It comes to earth in rain, is taken up from the soil by plants, reaches human beings through vegetables and milk, and is deposited in the bones, where a sufficient concentration causes bone cancer. Stron-

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ium-90 was first detected in human bones in 1953. Today, it is being found in all human beings, regardless of age or geographic location.

The Columbia University scientists gathered several thousand bone samples from autopsies in 15 different countries, and after measuring the strontium-90 content, concluded that the average concentration of this poison *at the end of 1955* was only 1/10,000th of the presently accepted safety level. This is the fact stressed by Libby. No scientist has challenged these findings as to average hazard for the world population. But here is the source of confusion: it is deviations from the average which are causing the harm, and the alarm.

First of all, the three Columbia scientists found that in areas where the soil is low in calcium, the human body will absorb far greater amounts of strontium-90—up to 100 times more. Moreover, different individuals in the same age group and locality showed a greater capacity to absorb strontium than others—by at least 50 percent. Children under 20 were found to soak up strontium at a rate 3 to 4 times faster than adults.

Taking all these variables into account, the Columbia studies give as much support to the ominous British conclusion of 50,000 new cancer victims as a result of bomb tests up to 1956, as to the tranquilizing view of Professor Libby and our government (typified by Secretary Dulles' failure even to mention bomb tests in his April 22 speech). In fact, the Columbia group reported that one bone sample obtained from Western Canada already contained the approximate maximum permissible concentration, lending credence to the declaration of the Federation of American Scientists last October:

> It may well be true that in certain areas of the world the strontium-90 hazard has already passed the danger point, to say nothing of the additional production of this material in further tests.

The 1,500 bone samples, we repeat, were taken from autopsies conducted largely in 1955. Since then the Russians have conducted two bomb-test series, the Americans one; the British have scheduled their first H-bomb test for the South Pacific next month, and another series of American tests will begin at the same time. The debris is mounting.

It is hard for the worried layman to know what constructive measures should be recommended, however persuaded he is of the dangers to health we are inviting. The layman is handicapped not only by the complexity of the subject, but the secrecy surrounding it. *The New Republic,* nevertheless, puts forward a proposal we believe deserves serious examination, both as to its scientific soundness and political feasibility. We do so, bearing in mind that President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles have declared that the security of the free world requires continued bomb tests; and that they hold that present devices cannot detect all bomb tests inside the Soviet Union and that therefore no agreement to ban bomb tests could be enforced unless inspection teams are permitted inside the Soviet Union.

Our proposal: That the US should seek an international agreement to limit the radioactive debris from bomb tests, thus separating the military problem from the world health issue. Admiral Strauss, our atomic administrator, has claimed development of a "clean bomb," one that gives off less radioactive debris—including strontium-90. The Russians also claim to have such a bomb. A "dirty bomb"—one that gives off maximum radioactive debris—can be detected outside the testing area without full inspection—hence enforcement of an agreement limiting explosion of "dirty bombs" would not require inspectors within the Soviet Union. The British have already announced that they will conduct their South Pacific tests in such a manner as to minimize radioactive fallout.

Why then should we not exploit the greater Russian receptivity to arms limitation—which President Eisenhower has reported—by banning "dirty bomb" tests?

Keynes by Half

ALTHOUGH there will be great political sound and fury over the tax-cut issue—whether the actual bill is passed this year or next—the truth of the matter is that both parties are agreed on the most fundamental aspect of the matter. This, in a word, is that if there is a sizable budget surplus it should be given away in tax cuts. But should it?

To begin with, there almost certainly will be a surplus at the time when the proposed tax cuts are due to take effect. The reductions in appropriations now being voted in Congress, while they will have very little effect on the proposed $71.8 billion in spending for fiscal year 1958, *will* probably reduce spending a little in fiscal 1959. Meanwhile, as the economy continues to grow, tax

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GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor and Publisher*
MICHAEL STRAIGHT, *Editor-at-Large*
HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*
Selig S. Harrison, *Associate Editor*
Donald Malcolm, *Staff Writer* — Irvin Shapiro, *Design*
Lucille Davis, *Copy Asst.* — F. R. Ruskin, *Admin. Asst.*
Robert Evett, *Book and Music Editor*

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receipts at current tax rates can be expected to keep growing. Together, these factors should produce an estimated surplus for fiscal year 1959 of as much as $5 or $6 billion, fully enough to cover a meaningful tax reduction. And the tax reduction being talked about by both Democrats and Republicans, to take effect next January 1, would not begin to have a major effect on revenues until fiscal 1959.

Thus if "fiscal responsibility" merely means keeping taxes high enough to balance the budget, the Democrats and Republicans are fully warranted in talking tax cuts for calendar year 1958. But the economics of taxation is not limited merely to balancing the budget. Under the famous—and widely accepted—Keynesian "compensatory" theory, there should be sizable budget deficits in time of slump *and sizable budget surpluses in time of inflationary boom.* In short, if the American people really want to fight inflation, they should ask that the surplus be used to pare down the national debt a little and not be given away in tax cuts.

It is possible, of course, that by 1958 inflation will have temporarily disappeared as a problem and that there will be something of a mild recession. In those circumstances, tax cuts would be good economic, as well as political, medicine. But it is equally possible that the cost of living will still be the menace, not unemployment. And neither party is even referring to this essentially *economic* problem of taxation, but only to the state of the budget.

The Keynesian dilemma was put succinctly the other day by Per Jacobsson, the brilliant Swede who heads the International Monetary Fund. "It now seems," said Jacobsson,

> as if the authorities were quite ready to accept and apply the first part of this theory [spending and deficits in time of slump] but that they show great hesitation and unwillingness to carry out the necessary retrenchment in a period of boom.

What Information?

ARTHUR LARSON, architect of the jerry-built ideology called "modern Republicanism," has not been able to persuade an un-modern Congress of the importance of the United States Information Agency, which he now directs. The House has reduced USIA's current budget by $6.9 million and denied a requested $31 million increase. But in so acting, the House economy bloc might inadvertently have done the right thing—for the wrong reason.

Information from and about the US broadcast to the world does not necessarily help the US. The truth can hurt, as it did during Senator McCarthy's starring days, and as it has every time Mr. Dulles has stumbled over his own words and fallen into the brink. We are not suggesting that USIA relay anything but the truth; only that James Reston is right in saying that,

> if the wrong things are fed into the overseas radio stations and news reports, it is better to have a poor distribution system than a good one.

There is one part of the USIA operation, however, whose value does not rise and fall according to the brilliance or blundering of our foreign-affairs spokesmen. That is the library and books program. Unfortunately, it accounts for only seven percent of USIA's total expenditure during fiscal year '57 of $113 million.

Our overseas libraries, as many have testified who have seen them filled with fact- and fiction-hungry foreigners in a great many countries, are a service not only to other countries but to the US as well. For in these reading rooms, the curious can sample America as it is, and not merely as it is portrayed by propagandists.

Of perhaps even greater value, is the subsidization by USIA of low-priced, soft-cover books. Because of the Agency's subsidy, fiction and non-fiction American books can be sold abroad for 10 or 15 cents. Some are published by American book firms, under contract with USIA; others are published in translation locally.

In the distribution of these inexpensive books, we are far behind the Communists. A Tass broadcast in February of this year, for example, reported that in 1956 the Soviet Union produced 100 million cheap books (9,000 titles) for sale in 58 countries. This year, in the Hindi language alone, the Russians will distribute for sale 1,410,000 copies of 62 titles. The Communist Chinese in 1956 distributed *outside China,* 100 million copies of 3,000 titles for young people alone.

In contrast, the stepped-up, low-cost book program of USIA calls for distribution during the next 12 months of less than 3.5 million books in English, and 4.1 million books in foreign languages.

Should Senate action hold to the $106.1 million House figure, USIA might well consider, in re-examining and re-allocating its budget, whether it wishes again to spend 18 percent of its funds on the Voice of America. And if it does, whether there is any sense in our spending a great many dollars on a second world radio network—Radio Free Europe.

NEXT WEEK

A Special Supplement

ROBERT OSBORN'S

"Presidential Summer Fashions"

A NOVEL PRESENTATION!

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Dooley Redivivus

"DID YE see in th' papers," said Mr. Hennessy, "how they're sindin' Scott McLeod to be ambassadure to Ireland?"

" 'Tis funny ye should mention that," replied Mr. Dooley, "just when I'm standin' here thryin' to recall whether 'twas a poet or a secur-rity officer who made the famous remark: 'I care not who makes the laws iv a nation, if I can sarve on the investigatin' committees'. But ye mustn't think they're sindin' McLeod to Dublin out iv malice, Hinnissy. Very like, it just came up in a casual conversation, d'ye know. The Prisident happens to notice one day that his Sicrety iv State is back in town, an' he takes him to wan side an' says, 'While ye're here Foster', he says, 'ye might just tell me how the wurrld is gettin' along'.

'Oh times is lookin' up', says the Sicrety iv State, 'Our relations with England haven't been annywhere near so plisint since the Rayvelutionary War', he says, 'an' that's nothin' to our relations with France an' Israel', he says. 'To the oppressed peoples in the satellites', he says, 'I just sint kind regards an' the hope iv a speedy and complete liberation', he says, 'but not so speedy as to worry the Rooshians about losin' their empire', he says. 'I told them', he says, 'if they needed anny help, just say the wurrud', he says, 'an' we will give them every assistance, short iv helpin' them', he says. 'In short', he says, 'by exertin' a stiddy moral pressure', he says, 'we're bound to win some sort iv moral victory'.

'Well, you take care iv it, Foster', says the Prisident. 'Dwight D. Eisenhower is not the man to stand in ye'er way'.

'Speakin' iv people in me way', says the Sicrety iv State, 'I do belave I've found the place for Scott McLeod'.

'Is that a fact?' says the Prisident. 'And where is that, now?'

'Well', says the Sicrety, 'I thought to meself, what sort of appintment wud prove that we are on such terms with McLeod as wud plaze the Old Guard, but not on anny such terms as wud make anny modhren Raypublican think we was on anny such terms as we ought not to be. Then I remembered we had a job open in Dublin, an' I says to meself, well Foster, me lad, 'tis not as good as sindin' him to th' moon, but still, 'tis better than a poke in th' eye with a sharp stick'.

'It is that', says the Prisident, 'but d'ye think the Irish will like it?'

'I dunnaw', says the Sicrety, 'They're a hard lot to plaze. They didn't like the Black and Tans ayther, till they got used to them.'

'Well', says the Prisident, 'you always had a livvil head, Foster, an' if ye think it's a good idea, it suits me right up to the handle. Where do I sign?'

"And that, Hinnissy, is how 'twas done."

"But d'ye not think," asked Mr. Hennessy, "that th' Congress might tell the Sicrety to sind up another boy?"

"I do not," said Mr. Dooley. " 'Tis a foolish man, Hinnissy, who stands behind his own plate glass window and makes faces at th' fellow with a brick in his pocket. Th' Congress don't dare turn down McLeod and the Sicrety knows it."

"And why is that, now?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Sure, an' how else wud they get him out iv the counthry?" answered Mr. Dooley.

Menon—Kicked Upstairs?

FOR THE US the most important immediate consequence of V.K. Krishna Menon's appointment as Defense Minister of India is simply that Menon will now spend more time in New Delhi than in New York. His UN visits are expected to taper off once he has answered for India in the forthcoming Security Council debate on mediator Gunnar Jarring's Kashmir report. And from this geographical change, Indo-American relations can only benefit. As one who can be depended on to say something unpleasantly controversial, Menon is an inveterate TV guest attraction, and it is his strident voice, rather than that of Nehru or the Indian Embassy, which has come to symbolize India for many Americans. Perhaps now Ambassador G. L. Mehta, the very dignified opposite of Menon, can improve India's public relations in the United States.

Menon's elevation to a position of domestic political importance may have been the only way out of a difficult situation. Nehru has been under great pressure from Indian and American friends to take Menon out of the US spotlight. But not only did Nehru have no desire to demote Menon, his friend and confidante, he could not afford even the appearance of bowing to foreign pressure which had become all too overt. Ever since the death two years ago of another old friend, Rafi Ahmad Kidwai, Nehru needed Menon as an intellectual cohort. Congress Party politicians less congenial to Nehru have tried to block Menon's rise, but their opposition caved in when Menon's role in the Kashmir debates—his collapse at the UN and his bout with Senator Knowland—made him a national hero. Ironically, in view of American distaste for Menon, our South Asian policy has directly contributed to his new power. "You fellows put him there," said one Indian on hearing news of his Cabinet appointment. He meant that the US military commitment to Pakistan has helped create the role that Menon so loves to play—India's defender against Western "ganging up."

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The Day Congress Surrendered Unconditionally

(*From* A Revised American History, *published in 1987 by Harcourt-Harcourt*)

1957 WAS the year of the Congressional revolt that failed. And the man who broke it was Dwight D. Eisenhower. It all began with "Summerfield's Rebellion." Summerfield, a Michigan automobile dealer who had observed at first hand the success of union sitdown strikers in the 'thirties, became embroiled with Congress over a request for $47 million in additional funds for operation of the post offices. Although Summerfield had not been very successful in speeding up mail delivery, he was popular among Republicans because he painted mail boxes in patriotic colors.

When Congress refused to open its purse to Summerfield, he closed the post offices over weekends and sharply reduced mail service. Pension checks were delayed. Third-class mail advertisements of spring sales arrived after the sales were over. Within a week the sitdown strike had brought Congress to its knees.

Now this so impressed the White House that it immediately instructed the Bureau of the Budget to survey the entire government and find out what other agencies could use the Postmaster General's technique successfully. The study was carried out quickly, and though the Presidential order had been stamped Top Secret, Doris Fleeson printed it verbatim, and Drew Pearson added a few lines of his own. There were, naturally, some indignant mumblings from the Congress, but no outright revolt—not until, as a result of the Budget Bureau study, Mr. Eisenhower summoned the leaders of Congress to the White House and presented them with the following ultimatum:

Defense Department—Unless the proposals of the Department were pushed through Congress without change, the Strategic Air Command would henceforth be idle on weekends, which would start at noon on Thursday and end at noon on Monday.

Treasury—Unless Treasury's requests for appropriations were honored in full, the Secretary would withdraw all pennies, nickels and dimes now in circulation, and mint no more.

State—Unless State got the funds it asked for, John Foster Dulles would stop giving interviews to employees of *Time* and *Life*, thus depriving the public of its only chance of finding out what American foreign policy really is.

Interior—The National Parks would be closed from June through September.

Agriculture—All price-support payments would cease immediately.

The President thereupon left for Georgia, and the stunned Congress met in extraordinary session to map its counter-strategy. There were weeks of debate; a few thought the President's proposals were a "good thing"; most didn't, and Congress, not knowing what else to do, went home. Summer came and went, the President became tanned and fit, the stock market slipped, but the Congress stood firm.

Finally, Mr. Eisenhower's advisors, who had got him into the fight in the first place, begged him to relent. Things could not go on this way. The President's unexpected response was so out of character, his aides would not believe their ears. "We shall fight," he said.

And then, as if the gods themselves could no longer abide the impasse, the President accidentally picked up a newspaper one morning and there found a suggestive story. It appears that one day a Republican Congressman struck up a conversation with Rep. James Roosevelt (D, Cal.) in the House lobby. They were discussing a resolution the House had just passed, telling the President, in effect, to go cut his own budget. "How," asked the Republican of Mr. Roosevelt, "do you think your daddy would have reacted to such a resolution?" "I think I know what he would have done," replied the late President's son. "He would have sent back a very courteous note saying he'd be happy to tell Congress where to cut his budget. Then he'd have cut at least one project from the district of every House member who voted for the resolution."

THE EFFECT on Mr. Eisenhower was electric. To the crew of the *Columbine*, now fit and tanned, there was flashed the red alert. Back to Washington flew the President. Within 24 hours, Congress and the country were informed: the extra $1.5 billion authorized by the Senate in the Spring of 1957 for pork-barrel projects would be added to the $8 billion previously authorized (but unspent) for "rivers and harbors," and not one cent of the total figure would be expended by the Army Corps of Engineers—ever! No Sandy Lick Creek Dam at Brookville, Pa. No Mad River Dam in Connecticut. No Bruces Eddy Reservoir in Idaho. No La Quinta Channel in Texas. Nothing.

The war was over. General Eisenhower received the Congressional surrender in the Oval Room of the White House, in the presence of the Cabinet, the press, his brother Edgar, and the ex-King of Jordan, who happened to be passing through town.

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The Superficial Aspect

Presidential Disability

THE REMOVAL of the President of the United States is so grave a matter that it has never been affected except by death, and only once attempted by other means; yet of 33 individuals who have held the office eight, almost exactly 25 percent, have been permanently or temporarily disabled while in office. The framers of the Constitution, foreseeing the contingency, established the office of Vice President, and decreed (Article II, Section 5) that "Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or disability, both of the President and Vice President."

One hundred and sixty-eight years have passed and Congress has not yet by law provided for such cases, nor, according to Congressman Frelinghuysen in last week's *New Republic*, is it about to now. For he says "there is no consensus in Congress as to what is the best solution, be it by constitutional amendment, simple resolution or joint resolution." When a President is accused of high crimes and misdemeanors, the Constitution itself (Article I, Sections 2 and 3) provides that he may be impeached by the House and tried by the Senate, but the Chief Justice, not the Vice President, shall preside, thus bringing all three branches into the proceedings. It is hardly credible that this involvement of all was accidental.

Congress has never yet by law provided against the death of a President, although seven have died in office. The question was indeed decided as long ago as 1841, but not by Congress. When the first President to die in office succumbed, the Vice President assumed the office of President, not Acting President, and nobody in Congress, not even Webster, Clay, or Calhoun, was man enough to stop him. So if seven Vice Presidents have taken over the Presidency without incident, we owe that orderly succession, not to the wisdom of Congress, but to the bold resolution of John Tyler.

Three times Congress' refusal to do its duty has left the nation without an efficient official head for many weeks at a time. If no disaster followed, the credit is largely due to three individuals, James G. Blaine, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and Sherman Adams, each of whom, without the authority of law, stepped in to save the country from the results of Congressional laziness and indifference to the safety of the nation.

That laziness and indifference persist to an almost incredible degree. The incumbent of the Presidency has already twice been disabled for weeks at a time, and his physical condition is known to be such that a third collapse may come at any time without warning. The President himself, realizing the danger, has asked Congress to act, but to no effect.

Yet to a superficial observer it would seem a simple matter for Congress to provide by law that when serious suspicion of Presidential disability arises, Congress may by joint resolution call on the Supreme Court, not to examine the man, which is beyond the Court's competence, but to weigh the evidence, which is the Court's business. If the Court certified to Congress that the weight of expert, scientific testimony showed disability, Congress could, again by joint resolution, call upon the Vice President to assume the duties of the office until the disability should be removed. Upon the President's recovery, the process could be reversed.

This would involve action by the executive branch, but not on its own initiative. The legislative would have made the first move and the judiciary would have examined its grounds for action and found them tenable. Thus all three branches would have admitted that the authority of the man in the Presidency was legitimate and there would be no chance for mischief-makers to mislead public opinion with cries of usurpation and tyranny.

At the same time it would repudiate the silly and bitterly unfair theory that a sick man should be responsible for diagnosing his own case. A sick man almost always thinks he is better than he is. Doctors, family and friends all conspire to make him think so, for the sound reason that keeping up his morale does assist his recovery.

IN PRIVATE life this is admirable, but in public life it is dangerous. Once that very thing came near wrecking this government. In 1823 William H. Crawford was a strong candidate for the Presidency until, like Wilson, he suffered a stroke that partially paralyzed him. But he began to improve and his friends encouraged him to believe that he was going to be all right, so instead of withdrawing he stayed in the race. By so doing he threw the election into the House of Representatives, ruined the hopes of Henry Clay, and put upon Adams' title to the Presidency the cloud of "bargain and corruption" that poisoned the political atmosphere for the next 20 years—all because a sick man could not be brought to face the brutal truth about his condition.

With this record before it, if Congress refuses to take action, the blame lies upon Congress, not upon the wise and bold men who framed the Constitution.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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Canada–US: Inevitable Allies

by PHILIP DEANE

THE SUICIDE of Dr. Egerton Herbert Norman, Canadian ambassador to Cairo—a suicide blamed by many on the US Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee—was being talked about, until quite recently, as something that could do irreparable harm to relations between Canada and the United States. Such talk is drivel. The whole Norman affair was certainly a deplorable episode in Canadian-American relations. But this episode has not done irreparable harm to the relations between the two countries for the simple reason that nothing, within reason, could—Canada is too dependent on the US and the US is more dependent on Canada than on any other country. Here is why:

Canada is going through a tremendous boom, developing highly complex industries, successfully running a bounding economy. The country is engaged in more international commercial and financial activity per capita than any other major power. Canadians own around $1.5 billion worth of American securities. They control 8,000 miles of railway track in the US.

Especially spectacular has been the development of Canadian mineral resources. Labrador has fabulous iron ore deposits. Quebec has the world's largest deposits of titanium. Canada has more asbestos than any other country. Oil and gas in Canada are proving to be more abundant every day: there are more than 7,000 producing wells and, in refining capacity, Canada is second only to the US. Wood pulp and paper worth more than $1.3 billion are produced annually. And, of course, Canada is potentially the world's largest producer of uranium.

From these resources, the wealth of Canada is increasing at an impressive rate. The Canadian dollar is worth more than the US dollar.

But though Canadians feel that the rate and magnitude of their economic development in the last 10 years rivals anything done by the United States, the fact remains that Canadian progress is inextricably connected with American progress. There are $9 billion worth of US investments in Canada, (paying, incidentally, $400 million each year in interest and dividends). Canada has drawn and continues to draw for its development on American skills and techniques.

Canada, in other words, has benefited greatly from its association with the United States and still needs this association. Conversely, for the US, Canada is the only always accessible source of all important raw materials—a source not threatened by Colonel Nasser or Soviet intrigue. Moreover, Canada and the US are one another's biggest customers. Their trade is around the $6 billion mark. And their economies are becoming increasingly more intermingled. This is a trend that can only continue. Many projects, beneficial for both countries, can best be carried out jointly. The Columbia River, for instance, if developed jointly, can produce 26 million horsepower of hydroelectric potential. The St. Lawrence Seaway and Power project can produce 1.2 million horsepower. These projects can add substantially to Canada's present hydroelectric capacity of 20 million horsepower.

In the military field, geography and the relative economic power of the two countries enforces an even closer relationship. American intercontinental ballistic missiles, in a third world war, would be fired at Russia from Canadian bases across the North Pole. Two radar shields, to give the US early warning of attack, are located in Canada's frozen north. American and Canadian strategy is jointly planned. Without the US to take care of continental defenses, Canada's military burden would be much heavier and costlier—at the expense of Canadian economic development.

No one argues with Canadian Foreign Secretary Lester Pearson when he says: "It would be impossible . . . for either the US or Canada to be neutral if the people of the other country were engaged in a major war in which their very existence as a people was at stake."

But the fact of this inextricable connection does not make Canadians feel as one with the Americans. On the contrary, there is, in most Canadians, the seed of latent suspicion toward the US. This seed, which only sprouts, these days, when things like the Norman case occur, is planted in history. The French-speaking Canadians, who see themselves as an embattled cultural minority, are very conscious of history. Historians in French Canada are very active and their works are read. Back in 1845, F. X. Garneau started publishing his *Histoire Du Canada Depuis Sa Decouverte Jusqu'a Nos Jours*, and it went into three editions. This book is now an heirloom for many French Canadian families. It stresses the theme that the principal enemies for French Canadians, in the early days, were the puritan New Englanders who cruelly uprooted another group of French settlers from what is now Nova Scotia as early as 1755. Yankee New England orators were fond of describing French Canada as an "American Carthage" that had to be destroyed. This

PHILIP DEANE *is Washington correspondent for* The Toronto Globe and Mail *and* The Observer *of London.*

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French-speaking minority (35 percent of the total population) tends to fear at times that it would be more rapidly absorbed by the English-speaking majority, if Yankee influence in Canada increased.

For its part, the English-speaking majority learned in its history books that General George Washington invaded Canada in 1775; that General Hull and his US troops burnt Toronto in 1812; that throughout the 19th Century, the US tried to push its boundaries northward as well as westward, and that the Americans took from Canada the Panhandle, a long, narrow strip of land stretching southward from Alaska.

Thus, historically, for Canada, Britain was less of a colonial power and more a protector against US pressures. For this reason, perhaps, Canada attempted no revolution, developed no political system of its own as did the US. Instead Canada adapted the British parliamentary and judiciary systems.

These systems served Canada well in many ways. They provided law and order at times when the US appeared to be in anarchy. The king's justice often seemed more just than the justice of the self-governing frontier townships in the US. Canadian statesmen, within the framework of British institutions, seemed less prone to spectacular irresponsibility than did some of their vigorous American counterparts.

The American Civil War with its blood and tragedy increased the Canadians' preference for their own system. More recently, in a significant way—very significant in the present crisis—the heyday of Senator McCarthy made Canadians even more conscious of how excellent their own system of government and justice was.

As a result, Canadians feel in some ways superior to the Americans. In other ways, until their present spectacular economic growth, Canadians also had an inferiority complex about their material backwardness, their slow development, as compared with the US. This complex has been fading and so have the historical fears of US intentions —but not completely.

The Canadian Government itself—any conceivable Canadian Government—is still conscious of the danger of American domination. One basic reason for Canada's passionate support for organizations like NATO and the UN is the belief that in such bodies, the influence of the US gets minimized and that of Canada magnified.

On the average citizen's level, fears of American domination and their effect are not consciously felt ordinarily. The average Canadian absorbs vast amounts of American culture through US television programs. He buys and likes all the American consumer goods. He is conscious of the fact that he thinks Canada has a better government, a better judiciary and the more beautiful segment of Niagara Falls. But he is not actively or consciously anti-American. Occupied with Canada's boom, with the incessantly increasing opportunities around him, he seems monumentally and majestically uninterested in world affairs (which leaves Mr. Pearson a much freer hand than Mr. Dulles has). But there are Canadians who worry, and they worry most about those very things which unite Canada with the US.

A venerable Canadian friend who lives in Washington has lectured me frequently on the "economic imperialism" of the United States. Americans invest in Canada in order to run Canada, he says. A true blue conservative who, on other subjects, would draw cheers from the Daughters of the American Revolution, he sounds like Khrushchev on US investments in Canada. And it is fair to say that in negotiating joint projects, the US has shown what the Canadians call a typical Yankee tendency to drive bargains so hard as to be unfair. On the St. Lawrence Seaway, the US has tended to seek at least half the benefits while paying only one third of the costs. My friend also broods that almost all Canadians live within 200 miles of the US border and are therefore exposed to the debilitating effects of "rock and roll TV culture."

He is not a lone oddity. Canadian editorials are not uncommon on American economic imperialism, on Washington's tendency to take Canada for granted. A case like the suicide of Ambassador Norman makes average Canadians read such editorials and absorb them. It also strengthens the Canadians' affection for Britain, which is a good thing in itself, but a Norman case strengthens Canadian affection for Britain in a way that is negatively anti-American. The replacement of Britain by the US as the leading world power, the inevitable abdication of imperial responsibility by Britain, becomes in Canada a source of worry over the fact that John Bull's lion is no longer there to check Uncle Sam's eagle.

And, thereby, the Canadian Government finds it more difficult to pursue the policies that are made inevitable by the country's geographic and economic connection with the US. For instance, at this moment a Canadian Government would find it difficult to accept a fair offer by the US for the joint development of the Columbia River. Whatever the offer, it would be suspect. Or, alternately, a Canadian Government would now encounter more opposition in siding with the US against Britain in the UN.

Nevertheless, despite the Norman case and a threatened and equally distasteful attack on Pearson by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, the trend which draws Canada and the US closer together will continue. It is hard to conceive of anything which could reverse this trend (especially since the Canadians have shown themselves quite capable, so far, of resisting real or fancied US encroachments).

This inevitability of ever closer relations is the main reason why the US should not needlessly offend Canada. The US should act with particular courtesy, not to avert the imaginary danger of losing an uncertain ally, but out of consideration for its staunchest friend.

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Thus far we have considered the loss of physical activity to the boy or girl who has been made a spectator by the highly selective program. There are non-physical implications. In a discussion of physical education and neurotic behavior disorders, one authority reminds us that "the highest degree of peer esteem among boys is reserved for those who excel in sports. The rare individual who achieves adolescent popularity alongside ineptitude in sports—and such a one occasionally appears —ought to be called a 'social genius'." There are not many among us who are social geniuses.

By no means am I suggesting that our schools discard competitive athletics. There are many educational values in such programs. I do, however, urge a more moderate attitude toward the importance of competitive sport. The height of hypocrisy is at the collegiate level. Our colleges have become sports promoters. Teams are recruited for the sole purpose of producing victories; the welfare of the students is incidental. Any registered university student is entitled to and should receive an education, but this becomes a *non sequitur* where athletes are concerned. The collegiate sports picture is, with a few exceptions, an abnegation of the purposes and the principles of higher education.

Moreover, are we doing these young athletes a service by trading free tuition, books, keep and spending money for their athletic abilities? Many have no right even to be in school; many others have no desire to be in school, except for their realization that the university may be the stepping stone to true professionalism, or possibly a means of delaying a lifetime of work at a level they do not enjoy.

ALTHOUGH the National Manpower Council has shown that 60 percent of our young people over 18 possessing an IQ of 110-plus do not enter college, even the dullest athlete can find a college to attend. All-American Sherman White of Long Island University, who figured in the 1951 basketball fix scandal, has an IQ below 100. All-American footballer Glenn Davis flunked out of West Point once, and he and Doc Blanchard rated 305th and 296th respectively in their 310-cadet graduating class. The College of Idaho has openly recruited athletes who could not meet the entrance requirements elsewhere. The result: undefeated teams and standing-room-only crowds at the games.

Yet, when professionalism was exposed in Pacific Conference schools, Governor Goodwin Knight of California proclaimed, "The whole cause of the trouble is because these professors were just a bunch of spindly-legged runts back in college who resented athletes and they still resent them."

Our high-school physical educators are trapped themselves. Most of them were better than average athletes who went to college for training that would prepare them to coach. Although it was a part of their required curriculum, many of these men grasped neither the philosophy nor the physiology of play and exercise. Their understanding does not include a working knowledge of human anatomy nor a working appreciation of correctional procedures where remedial attention is demanded.

These same coaches respond to public pressure to win by turning their physical-education classes in both the high and elementary schools into training grounds for varsity teams, thus increasing the stress on those who would play anyhow, and limiting the physical program to a few sports played by a few.

FITNESS and athletics are a lifelong concern rather than merely something for youth. Is it not therefore self-evident that schools should teach skills and sports that have a carry-over value in later life? Research by Dr. Jay B. Nash has shown that more than 70 percent of recreational activities after the age of 21 were enjoyably indulged in before the age of 12. Adults *can* develop new recreations but the overwhelming tendency is to revert to familiar activities. Therefore, the athlete trained only in football, baseball and basketball is very likely to become a spectator before he reaches his thirtieth birthday.

The fact that 50 percent of the men called for preinduction physicals during the Korean crisis were rejected on mental and/or physical grounds and the estimate that more than 23 million Americans have some physical impairment or chronic disease, have often been cited as evidence of poor national fitness. Actually there is little correlation between physical defects and physical fitness. Mickey Mantle of the New York Yankees could hardly be called unfit and yet was rejected from military draft. In fact, sports injuries were an important factor in many military rejections.

Are we even sure that fitness and athletics go hand in hand? From studies made over a period of 20 years, Dr. Pauline Berry Mack has conclusively proved that Americans are overfed but seriously undernourished, and that physical strength and stamina among public school students can be developed through diet alone.

We would rather not admit it, but in fact our schools today are substandard in facilities, equipment and leadership. New York City is not untypical. All gymnastic apparatus work has been eliminated from the physical-education program because of fear of injury to students in overloaded and understaffed classes. Many American schools have no physical-education classes whatsoever, and only a few can truthfully boast of a program offering each student 60 minutes of physical activity each day.

The answers to the American fitness problem are available from qualified professional leaders in physical education, health and recreation. But their knowledge can only be put to work with the concurrence of the public. And the public attitude is not likely to change unless educators themselves dare to debunk the prevailing myths about athletics.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

A Make-Your-Own-Poem Kit

by Donald Hall

AMERICA, as everyone knows, is enjoying a cultural boom. LP's sell in supermarkets, poets give readings in municipal auditoriums, and on summer nights, football stadiums rock to symphonic arrangements of Irving Berlin. Sunday painters outnumber Monday-morning-quarterbacks, because now you can make pictures by applying paint from a numbered tube to an outlined space which has a number like the tube's. Last month, browsing in Woolworth's, I saw a whole table of various kits (next to the model airplanes) for making landscapes, still lifes, and abstract expressionist canvases.

But until I invented it (last week), there has been no Make - Your - Own - Poem Kit. There is now.

The Beginner's Kit has a complete Instruction Sheet. I take the opportunity to reprint a few of my own poems as examples, using capitals to show the stresses (I will explain prosody later); for instance, there is my "Couplet":

InVIoLATE upON the WASTES of DOOM,
No CIGaRETTES are SMOKED withIN this ROOM.

" 'Room' and 'Doom,' " I point out, "are examples of Direct Rhyme; see *rhyme*." Next I use a few pedagogical exercises; the answers are in small print upside down on the last page of the Instruction Sheet. "Exercise One. In,

The little person on the seat
Was no one I would care to meet,

as a substitute for 'little,' which word would be best, and why? 1.) infinitesimal; 2.) small; 3.) tiny; 4.) big." Also I set a few "replace the missing word" problems. "Exercise Four. Fill in the blank:

Thirty days hath September,
April, . . . , and November."

And there are "What is wrong with this poem?" problems:

All the rest have thirty-one,
Except February, which has
twenty-eight.

And:

Inviolate upon the wastes of doom,
Don't smoke.

It is only when you have memorized the Instruction Sheet that you start climbing Parnassus. The Beginner's Kit includes twenty-one Make-Your-Own-Poems, beginning with a couplet and ending with a double inverted sonnet. But before we can begin to be so independent, we must master the last section of the Instruction Sheet, the Disquisition on Meter:

As everyone knows who understands poetry, meter does not exist and therefore extraordinary skill is required in writing it. Not to speak of writing about it. It is Shakespeare's finest achievement to make us think he is writing iambic pentameter when actually there is no such thing. Since feet especially do not exist, we must not speak of them; instead, we will talk of Bumps, which have all the properties of feet and existence besides. Shakespeare, then, usually wrote in five Bump lines, and his Bumps are composed of a little half-bump and a big half-bump, usually one syllable each. (Ask no questions. To you, a Bump is da-*da*. I will tell you the rest later when you are Advanced.) In my couplet, "InVIoLATE upON the WASTES of DOOM." I am using a five Bump line like Shakespeare's. The capital letters show the big half-bumps, and the other letters the little half-bumps. In the second line, "No CIGaRETTES are SMOKED withIN this ROOM," notice where I substitute for the expected "in" the inappropriate "within," thus finding the extra little half-beat I so urgently need. Is this Disquisition on Meter clear? If not, please go back to Paint-Your-Own-Pictures.

Now is when we really start cracking. The first poem in the Kit proper is a four Bump couplet; "Poem One. Epigram on a Sunset":

When . . .[1] the world . . .[2] gone . . .[3] bed,
The sun goes . . .[4] as . . .[5] 'twere dead."

You must fill in the blanks from your own imagination, but, this early in the game, there is some help in the footnotes. Difficult though it all must sound to you, you will be amazed to discover that at the end of the very first Kit, you will be writing whole sonnets with only the rhyme supplied. As every poet knows, "*Rhyme* is the most difficult single attribute of poetry."

The third poem is also a couplet, but in five Bumps. It is called "Love," and it goes like this:

When BUMP bump BUMP bump
BUMP bump BUMP bump BED,
Then BUMP bump BUMP bump
BUMP bump BUMP bump DEAD

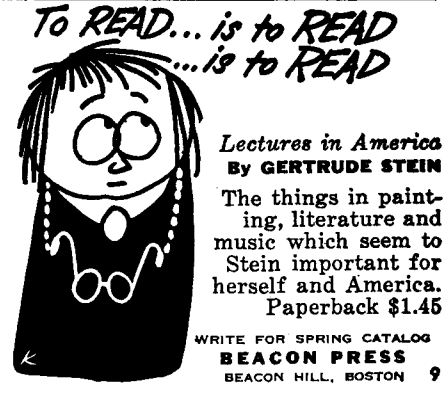
Supply your own Bumps. Finally we move on to longer and more difficult forms. "Poem Five" is Moods," and it is written in three Bump lines. Here are the rhymes:

. . . love,
. . . move. (or glove; NOT dove)
. . . fire,
. . . desire.
. . . glad,
. . . sad.
. . . happy,
. . . scrappy.

In order to compensate for the shortness of the line, it is permitted to have an extra little half-bump in lines four and seven. Here is a sample of this irregularity, using lines seven and eight:

On days when I am not glad,
I am at moments sad.

[1] Big half-bump word. Suggest "all."
[2] Little half-bump word. Suggest "has." (What else?)
[3] Little half-bump word. Suggest "to."
[4] Big half-bump word. Suggest "down," but elegant variation permissible.
[5] Big half-bump word. Suggest "if;" NOT "though."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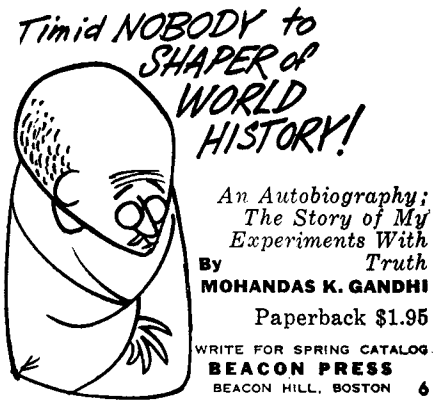
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"Poem Six" is a quatrain, and from here on they get tough. "Poem Nine" has no title, and part of the game is to make one:

. . . beagle
. . . spaniel
. . . eagle
. . . Faneuil

This poem may be written in four or six Bump lines, but the six Bump line is not recommended for those without previous experience in a Poetry Workshop or the equivalent. "Poem Eleven" extends our formal range even further. It may only be written in Heroic Bumpers (fives), and it is called "Thanatopsis."

. . . head (or Ted)
. . . nurse
. . . bed
. . . worse
. . . dead
. . . hearse

This stanza reappears as the first of a sestina in Kit Four, "For Intermediate Advanced Poets." Just to show you what you will be doing by the time you get to Kit Four, I will write out the final words of the 39 lines of your sestina: "head, nurse, bed, worse, dead, hearse; hearse, head, dead, nurse, worse, bed; bed, hearse, worse, head, nurse, dead; dead, bed, nurse, hearse, head, worse; worse, dead, head, bed, hearse, nurse; nurse, worse, hearse, dead, bed, head; nurse, worse, hearse." The rating for this is Eight Stars, or Extremely Difficult.

I won't go into sonnets, because I have let enough slip already, but I will tell a little about the more advanced Kits. Kit Two, "For Advanced Beginning Poets," is mostly French forms, but with a whole lot of help. For instance, there is a villanelle in which the poet is supplied with the two key lines; the object, as in all published examples of this form, is to twist the key lines into meaning what at first they don't seem capable of meaning:

Imagined angels breathe the fired air
. . . love
I am uncertain, medium or rare.
. . . layer
. . . above,
Imagined angels. Breathe the fired air!
. . . where
. . . of,
I am uncertain: medium? or rare!
. . . scare
. . . dove
(or turtledove)
Imagined angels breathe thee. Fired air
. . . mare (NOT mayor)
I am. "Uncertain medium or rare."
. . . bare
. . . glove
Imagined. Angels, breathe the fired air!
I am uncertain medium. (Ore rare!)"

The third Kit, "For Intermediate Poets," teaches the Tailless Heroic Bumper, or blank verse. This is "the most difficult of all forms," as every poet knows, "because it does not use *rhyme*." Here I am forced to retreat to the method used in Kit One, of writing out most of the line, but I leave more and more to the Intermediate Imagination as I go along. Here is a short one, called "Bliss":

When all the world's asleep, asleep but me,
And I am all awake, awake, I smell
The distant ocean's . . . waves, that roll
With . . . the . . . of shrinking lumberjacks
Who thud the . . . spikes, and . . . .
Of eagles. And I begged . . . . . French
Whose maritime . . . impels, impels . . .
. . . are gardened . . . are . . . and gold
. . . . . pizza pie . . . tennis
Then do I wish . . . . . gone
So that . . . . . .
. . . . . is life.

From this kind of obvious exercise I turn rapidly to the more practical matters of life in the arts; first I give a brief course in writing for the editorial page of metropolitan dailies, and then I say a word about more specialized markets. There is a supplement to this Kit, included only in outfits sold West of the Mississippi, which tells how to become a San Francisco poet. I do not want to divulge too much, but here is a part of the Bop Poem Supplement: "Take three letters which you have received from college chums back in the East, and mix them up. Add some marginalia of your own, and an image or two from other poets. Use a lot of periods. Here is an example:

Jerry, you old . . . -head, how are you?
We all have bad colds in the nose
Because Toynbee is right and Mao Tse-whatsit,
And that is how it goes. Newark is dead.
So is Louis. What are we coming to?
We are coming to San Francisco
Because the West is dying in its tracks,
Because the rat is dead in the alley
Behind the Wilhelmstrasse, because
Carol had a baby last Tuesday,
Because even the rain has such small . . . "

This kind of material will not sell to editorial pages for the present, but it pays off nonetheless when you come

How the "go-slow" policy of the moderates is crippling desegregation
Go South to Sorrow
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Carl Rowan, a Negro journalist, journeyed through the South to see for himself how desegregation is progressing. This book is his fighting, shocking report on how a new, vicious white-supremacy group is taking advantage of the moderates' "cooling-off" period to nullify the Supreme Court decision.
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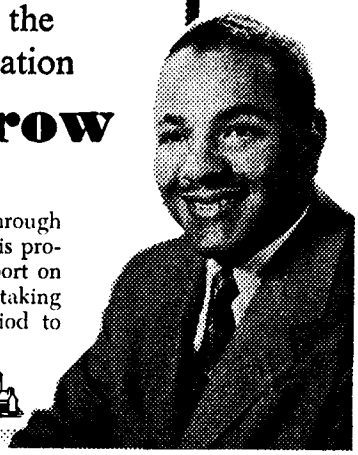

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back East. Harvey Breit will do a column about you, and *Life* will make a big spread.

Kit Four has the sestina, and Kit Five qualifies the Advanced Poet, on successful completion, to the Gold Medal of the Pegasus Poets Club of the USA. Also, I explain further variations among Bumps and even take up the non-Bump. If this business really takes hold, there will be further Kits, and a monthly magazine (*The Old Kit Bag*) containing letters, helpful hints on composition, some of the best poems sent in, and a Pen Pals Column.

I have experimented with these Kits on several of my friends, with fine results. All of them are laughingly called Shakespeare by the fellows in the office, and three of them have sold their version of "Dawn," (III, 17) to *The New York Times*.

Love Amid the Ibids

by Harry T. Moore

THE deceptively mild title of this book and its scholarly, reference-clogged prose conceal some biographical sensations of the most explosive kind. Byron's marriage—well, by now everyone knows that it was supposed to have been wrecked by his love affair with his half-sister Augusta, but as G. Wilson Knight says in the present volume, the evidence of incest in this case is inconclusive:

Lord Byron's Marriage: The Evidence of Asterisks, by G. Wilson Knight (Macmillan; $6).

"We are accordingly left guessing." The incest charge is a tame one, however, compared with the blockbusters Knight releases throughout this book.

His principal concern is with Byron's interest in his own sex, long known and commented upon, from the relationship with Edelston at Cambridge to that with the Greek boy Loukas on the last fatal voyage, to Missolonghi. Most Byronists have accepted all these affairs as peccadilloes, but Knight believes that Lady Byron didn't. Yet, oddly enough, on no more evidence than some comments by acquaintances of Lady Byron that her friendships with women were often passionate, Knight bluntly says that "she was herself homosexual." He seems to believe that a marriage of "bisexual integration" might succeed "as it succeeded with the Brownings" — whatever *that* means. Anyhow, it didn't work with the Byrons, and not only because of his Lordship's deviations, Knight thinks: there was a further "marriage secret" which he ingeniously probes into, mostly with the help of the anonymous and little-known *Don Leon* poems. These certainly tell us much about the Byrons. And that these verses are minor masterpieces of comedy is highly appropriate.

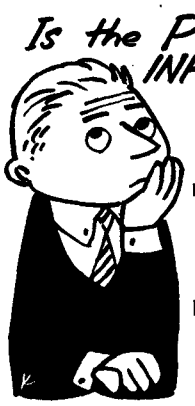
When Knight wrote his earlier book, *Lord Byron: Christian Virtues* (1952), he promised to turn his attention next to Byron's "vices": hence the new book. Knight is a respected scholar and don, best known for his Shakespeare studies, reinforced by his own productions of the plays and appearances in them. He has always exhibited a fertile imagination, increasingly intensified by Christian mysticism. Note the Victorian recurrence, in his writings, of terms such as *virtues* and *vices,* and even *sin.* In this Byron book he makes no attempt to duplicate the brilliant narratives of Quennell and others; his almost mathematical, scholarly manner tends to cool down the excitement of his assertions. Twice he acknowledges his debt to Sherlock Holmes for teaching him "to concentrate above all on what appears strange, inexplicable, and meaningless": this is the way to truth.

In pursuing out-of-the-way clues to put together his enormous suppositional case, Knight determines that the incest story was a smoke screen. He thinks it possible that Augusta—she and Lady Byron "were fast friends, almost lovers" —offended her Ladyship by seeming to serve as her brother's accomplice in helping to conceal his "irregular" activities. In any event, soon after the birth of her daughter in 1816, Lady Byron took the child into the country, beginning the separation from her husband that she implacably refused to bring to an end. In consultation with an ecclesiastical lawyer, Dr. Lushington, she revealed "some fact or facts hitherto withheld even from her parents." Lushington, who sternly advised her never again to get within reach of her husband, said many years later (1870) that Byron's conduct had been "most foul and gross." What had he done?

AMID all Knight's cross-references and listing of dates and bracketing of page numbers, the idea begins to emerge that Lady Byron fled from her husband because of his essentially backward approach to her, perhaps on her wedding night as well as during her pregnancy. Knight has some interesting speculations at this point. Knight suggests that Byron may have been using a special technique to overcome Annabella's frigidity, a method discussed by Stekel, whom he doesn't quote here. A classical reference in *Don Leon* indicates the root of the trouble as Knight sees it:

> Ah, fatal hour, that saw my prayer succeed,
> And my fond bride enact the Ganymede!

The origin of *Don Leon* and its shorter companion piece, *Leon to Annabella,* is unknown. Contrary to the beliefs of some readers, Byron himself couldn't have written the poems, which sometimes refer to events after his death. These *Don Leon* verses apparently have circulated in the black market for more than a century; when the Fortune Press reprinted them in London in 1934, the police confiscation brigade descended on the publishers. Yet, as Knight points out, although the poems are "disturbing" and perhaps "dangerous," it cannot be denied that "they are great. A new planet swims into our ken." Certainly they are verses with enough wit and play of character to justify their Fescinnine



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existence. As Knight further says, "No such brilliant manipulation of the rhymed couplet has been known since Pope."

BUT: are they *evidence?* They certainly show a familiarity with the Byrons, and give everything a local habitation and a name. Knight almost entirely on stylistic grounds ascribes the authorship of the poems to the popular playwright, George Colman "the Younger" (1762-1836), one of Byron's drinking companions of whom Annabella disapproved. Be that as it may, we are all indebted to G. Wilson Knight for resurrecting these nimble verses, which may or may not expose the long-hidden secret of the break-up of Byron's marriage. His own story we shall never know, for just after his death in 1824 a group of his trusted friends, including his publisher Murray (ah, Barabbas!), collaborated in burning the manuscripts of his memoirs, at once his confession and his defense. Lady Byron, whom Knight thinks we should now "forgive," was left to tell what tales she pleased. Knight says that the thesis of the present volume precluded his asking for family papers which might refute it, but hopes that if any counter evidence exists, "this book may prove the cause of awaking a more exact revelation."

At least it has opened the way for some lively discussion and conjecture. And, despite the "vice" tag, Knight exalts Byron into a potential Messiah who "probably sinned, and moved on to sacrifice." (Byron would have loved *that.*) At the end of his book, Knight admits that there is still much that necessarily "remains veiled"—but certainly he has increased our awareness, if not our knowledge, of Byron. His scholarly detective work has given us some significant fun and has shown us once again that many of Byron's poems may wear Proust-like disguises of sex. Knight has also performed a valuable service in calling attention to the *Don Leon* poems:

> Once these were epigrams to raise a laugh:
> The world is grown too scrupulous by half.

Not too scrupulous, let us hope, to prevent full publication, now, of these mischievously witty verses.

The Pistol-Shot at the Concert

by Donald Malcolm

"POLITICS in a work of literature," wrote Stendhal (writes Irving Howe), "is like a pistol-shot in the middle of a concert, something loud and vulgar, and yet a thing to which it is not possible to refuse one's attention."

With this apposite quotation, Mr. Howe sets out to discover some of the things that happen to the novel when it is made to carry a burden of political thought—when the pistol, so to speak, becomes a concert instrument. The inquiry carries him from the first tentative explosions of Stendhal to the final, dreadful fusilade of Orwell. His own critical approach keeps pace with his developing subject, laying increasingly heavy stress on the political side of this series of novels, as the novels themselves become increasingly dominated by politics. But however heavy his emphasis on politics, Mr. Howe's ultimate concern in these essays is literary. "The criteria for evaluating a political novel," he writes

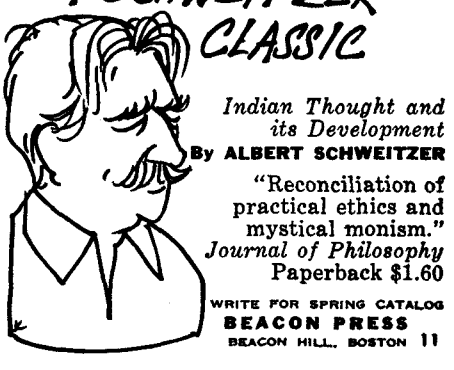
> . . . must finally be the same as those for any other novel: how much of our life does it illuminate? how ample a moral vision does it suggest?—but these questions occur to us in a special context, in that atmosphere of political struggle which dominates modern life.

It is this "special context," as it appears in the novel, that he has set out to explore. To what extent does the author succeed in transforming political ideas into the stuff of human experience, or at least, into something other than the platform of a political program? Does the dramatic action of the novel bring conflicting ideas into significant contact? Does the bias of the author reveal itself in such a way as to diminish the literary value of his work? Mr. Howe suggests that questions of this sort, coupled with the traditional categories of literary criticism, offer the most fruitful approach to the political novel. Perhaps a quotation from his criticism of Conrad's *Under Western Eyes,* will illustrate the point:

> Conrad has failed to accept the challenge of his own book: to confront the revolutionists in their strength and not merely in their weakness, to pit Razumov against men of serious if wrong-headed commitment rather than merely against "apes of a sinister jungle," as in his preface he so fatally calls them.
>
> Because of this failure, a whole side of the novel remains static: Razumov's line of action develops but the subsidiary motions that should be whirling about and against him do not. . . . Here, I would suggest, is a critical instance of the way bias run wild can damage a political novel. By refusing to extend his radicals the necessary credit, if only later to call it in, Conrad fails to establish the dramatic ground for his denouement.

Since there are a number of major novels that may be described as "political" without doing violence to their natures, Mr. Howe has, in effect, produced a critical apparatus with a wide range of application—although it is not the sort of apparatus one would be inclined to trust in hands less skillful than his own. Other essays in the book deal with Turgenev, Hawthorne, Henry Adams, Malraux, Silone, and Koestler. I found the chapters on Stendhal, Dostoevsky, James (*The Bostonian* and *The Princess Casamassima*) and Orwell particularly excellent. Since several of these essays first appeared in *The New Republic*, any praise of *Politics and the Novel* in these columns is likely to appear unseemly. I content myself with the cool observation that Mr. Howe has written an intelligent, penetrating, lucid, graceful, persuasive and altogether splendid book.

Politics and the Novel, by Irving Howe (Horizon; $3.50).



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The Genius of Chesterton

by R. A. Scott-James

IT is time that doubts about G. K. Chesterton's title to high fame should be swept away. D. B. Wyndham Lewis (not to be confused with the late Percy Wyndham Lewis) and the Oxford University Press have done well in preparing and publishing an anthology of his work in the *World Classics*. To include an author in this series is to presuppose that he is ranked among the great, and for those who do not know how good a writer he is an anthology provides an opportunity for sampling, for beginning to find out what has been missed by not reading him. True, the anthology must be a good one. Nor will it be enough by itself. It will mainly serve its purpose if it leads to the profitable experience of taking Chesterton in longer draughts.

G. K. Chesterton: an anthology, edited D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Oxford; 7/—).

Mr. Lewis disarms criticism by quoting Chesterton: "If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing badly." In compiling the anthology he has by no means done badly, and I do not mean it as disparagement if I say that it might have been still better. I wish he had included some of those hilarious but cogent controversial essays in which in his early days Chesterton crossed swords with great men like Bernard Shaw, or small, dogmatic men like Joseph McCabe. Yet no lover of Chesterton will be inclined to look this gift horse in the mouth. The "Essays and Extracts" given are too few, but they are essentially Chestertonian. Just the right passage is taken from *Orthodoxy,* and it is well balanced by an extract from the less lively but more thoroughly thought out book, *The Everlasting Man.* The travel passages are possibly, by comparison, too many, but they include the splendid, and I would say perfect piece, "The Conscript and the Crisis." The short story chosen is a good example of his madcap fiction. The pages which are headed "Literary Criticism" are so well chosen as to make nonsense of the idea that Chesterton was vague and woolly when he came to talk about books. The poems, needless to say, include extracts from "The Ballad of the White Horse," and the satirical Ode to F. E. Smith (afterwards Earl of Birkenhead) which is perhaps the most devastating exposure of a canting political speech ever written in verse.

IT has been said that Chesterton "dates," that he is no longer held in high esteem as he was 40 or 50 years ago; "that he has been overpraised" as he himself said of Robert Louis Stevenson, "that a reaction has set in against him, that he will not fascinate the next generation." This, in reference to Stevenson, is his reply:

> It matters not one rap whether he does or not to anyone who has perceived his absolute solidity and his eternal use to mankind. If we in this age had a little more faith in certainties and a little less dread of caprice and reaction and changes of public opinion, we should gain more credit for sense in the long run. To the childish spirit of modern pessimism every defeat is the end of the world, every scudding cloud is the twilight of the gods. In literature, above all things, we must resist this inane panic. Stevenson will win, not because he has friends or admirers or the approval of the public or the assent of the aesthetes. He will win because he is *right.* . . . The idea that a great literary man who has said something novel and important to mankind can vanish suddenly and finally is ridiculous. The pessimists who believe it are people who could believe that the sun is destroyed forever every time it sinks in the west.

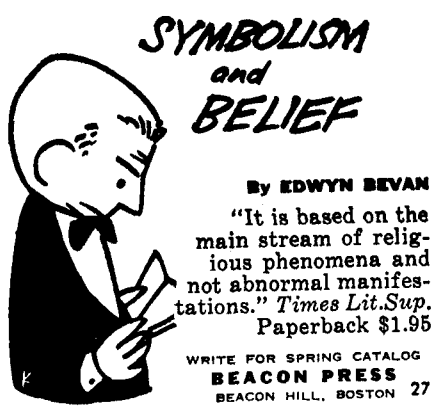
Chesterton, like Stevenson, will survive, because he was "right"—right in his vision of life, and, at his best, right in the power and sincerity of expression. He was of one piece all through, as a man, as a thinker, as a writer. Today, in England, it would hardly be thought respectable for any writer, outside the pages of *Punch,* to be joyous; but Chesterton was the most incredibly, persistently, incurably joyous person that ever existed; and the only things that infuriated him were pessimism, hypocrisy, cant, affectation and greed. He liked Stevenson who "could enjoy trifles, because to him there was no such thing as a trifle." He liked him because he enjoyed "child's play," because he revelled in life in all its forms with all its physical and spiritual adventure; and he found himself, in the nineties, reacting indignantly against the advocates of "art for art's sake," against the pessimists whose mode of asserting art seemed nothing less than a denial of life:

> My first impulse to write, and almost my first impulse to think, was a revolt of disgust with the Decadents and the aesthetic pessimism of the 'nineties.

He was included for the moment to retort "no art for God's sake:"

> I would rather have had no art at all than one which occupies itself in matching shades of peacock and turquoise for a decorative scheme of blue devils. I started to think it out, and the more I thought of it the more certain I grew that the whole thing was a fallacy; that art could not exist apart from, still less in opposition to, life; especially the life of the soul, which is salvation; and that great art never had been so much detached as that from conscience and common sense, or from what my critic would call moral earnestness.

WITH the turn of the century the apostles of the aesthetic movement disappeared, but Chesterton by this time had put on his armor, set off gallantly like Don Quixote to do battle with whatever enemy he might encounter—pretentiousness, conceit, commercialism (especially that of the commercial aristocracy), skepticism, preciousness, solemnity, and all enemies of fun and high spirits. In his twenties and thirties he was inclined to put all questions to the "test of the imagination," which was at the same time the "test of fairyland" and the test of the common man's commonsense; though later in life the same



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fundamental ideas which he had about Christianity, about charity, about art and reality were subjected to more severe intellectual tests—or rather, perhaps he would say, verification.

He has been described as the boy who never grew up, a criticism which he would have been inclined to take as a compliment. He was happy in his childhood. He had lovable grandparents and parents, and remembered his father as cutting out figures for a toy theatre and always ready to play, ready that is, for the "serious, constructive work" of play. But he insisted that the vivid perceptions of childhood were not those of make-believe but of reality, and that it is the adult who darkens the vision with dreams and self-deception.

Throughout his life he clung to the conviction of the rightness of childhood, with its "spirit fierce and free," its inexhaustible vitality, its unshaken faith. He himself in his early twenties, abounding in vitality, delighting equally in the physical and spiritual aspects of living, was, as we have seen, disgusted with the Decadents of the late Victorian period; and a few years later he found himself in a very different atmosphere, but still among thinkers who provoked him to controversy. The first decade of the 20th Century in England was not frivolous or pessimistic; it was extraordinarily serious, and to Chesterton terrifyingly adult; and though he was fully aware of the fact that a disinterested campaign was being fought against bad social conditions and poverty, and admired men like Charles Masterman who led it, he found at the same time that the air was being made stuffy by busybodies — by doctrinaire reformers, pedantic officials, Blue Book politicians, over-earnest realists in literature, faddists among the religious sects, and portentous talkers.

CHESTERTON was not in the least daunted by these evidences of what he thought of as intellect turned to madness. He accepted the challenge. For him life was something to be enjoyed as the ordinary unsophisticated man enjoys it; intensely serious and intensely comic, and perhaps the most serious when it was most comic. One of the reasons why he admired Dickens was because

> . . . this sentiment of the grotesqueness of the universe ran through Dickens' brain and body like the mad blood of the elves. He saw all his streets in fantastic perspectives, he saw all his cockney villas as top heavy and wild, he saw every man's nose twice as big as it was, and every man's eyes like saucers. And this was the basis of his gaiety—the only real basis of any philosophical gaiety.

When he first went into journalism as an essayist—he liked to speak of himself as a journalist—his mind was full of Scott, Dickens, Walt Whitman and Stevenson, yes, and of Rudyard Kipling—though he found himself in almost complete disagreement with everything that Kipling was thought to stand for. Bernard Shaw was the kind of enemy whom he loved. Chesterton, champion of the common man, debated with Shaw, the superman, in the Press and on the platform, pitting his jests and laughters against the more merciless wit of his opponent. He concluded that "everything is wrong about Shaw but"—and the exception is characteristic—"but himself."

HE WAS the same person in his life as in his wriitng. He talked as he wrote, pouring out ideas and fancies as they rushed into his mind, serious and hilarious by turns or at the same time. During a period of several years I was fortunate in having my room invaded by him once or twice a week when he would arrive massively bringing his world with him—a world compact of body and spirit amazingly combined — taking off his large hat with a comic, not a theatrical gesture, brandishing his sword-stick to emphasize a point, knitting his brows as he began to elaborate an idea, and chuckling as it turned to a joke. The train of his thought or the trend of conversation completely absorbed him so that he forgot everything else— the cab that was waiting outside ticking up shillings while he explored eternity, or even—on one occasion—his wife, whom he had left waiting for him in the foyer of a public hall.

This does not mean that he was not in love with his wife. He was. In the order of things that he most prized he put love first, the love of family or children; second, friendship, such as his friendship for Belloc or Charles Masterman; and third, comradeship or companionship, which he distinguished from friendship.

He never attempted to write a novel in the usual sense of the word. He was no close observer of the minutiae of ordinary life. But he had a quick sense for the characteristics of people and places. The Romanticist in him took charge when he wrote fiction—*The Napoleon of Notting Hill, The Man who was Thursday, Manalive,* or the *Father Brown* stories—and in these he made fun of snobbery, pretentiousness, pedantry and self-satisfied efficiency, and glorified the buoyant, the sincere, the mystical, the humorous. He romped through life with the gayest acceptance of grave things and the gravest regard for trivial things — generous, chivalrous, careless, great-hearted. Never was there a writer of whom it can more truly be said that the style was the man. The man had many faults, but they were lovable faults, and the same may be said of his writing.

No doubt he was inclined to over-simplify all the major problems, too easily to ignore difficulties. His love of paradox sometimes seemed like a trick. It was not that. True, his love of a joke made a verbal joke irresistible, but his language inclined to paradox because the universe as he saw it was made up of seeming contradictions—*Certum est quia impossibile est.*

Much of his writing suffers from the fact that he undoubtedly wrote too much; he wrote exactly as he talked and behaved, thinking, dreaming, arguing, laughing and talking, talking always—and naturally he was not always at his best. In some of his essays the argument wanders and with difficulty is brought back to the point. But when he is full of his subject it is cogently presented, unerring in its combination of wit, fancy, seriousness, and purport. Perhaps a third or more of what he wrote would have been better not preserved; but, for the rest, it seems to me now as it did years ago, alive, buoyant, witty, serious, pertinent and—much more than Stevenson—*right.*

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From Bunk to Buncombe

by James T. Farrell

RECENTLY, I reread H. L. Mencken's six volumes of *Prejudices,* which were published during the 1920's, and I am prompted to offer a few observations. In some ways, these present years are like those of the twenties when many of us were young, and it was exciting even to be disillusioned. True, the land is filled with more bunk now than then. But the cult of Inspiration now as then is a profitable enterprise: money in the bank. The ideals of business were the inspiration of national politics in the era of Mencken's *Prejudices* and that has not changed. President Coolidge apparently slept more than President Eisenhower, or than probably any other Chief Executive in the national history, but then, President Eisenhower plays more golf than any of his predecessors. If there is anything to choose between the late Andrew Mellon and Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, Mellon at least had an art collection; and there was always the chance that Andy Mellon might have had his tongue in his cheek. There was a Hoover in the Cabinet in the days of Coolidge, and now we have temporarily and for some weeks more, a Hoover in the State Department. I cannot quite find a contemporary counterpart to the late Senator Simeon Fess. Congress may boast of many men who are his match in mediocrity, but I am prejudiced in favor of Fess. I have had a fixed idea from my youth that he attained the ultimate in mediocrity. Of course, in the twenties, we did not have any figure remotely comparable to Vice President Nixon. Like flip-top boxes and deodorants, he is wholly new. "Hell and Maria" Dawes seems like an individualist in retrospect—a Bohemian, even an egghead in the present dispensation, although as we saw in those bygone days he was ordinary enough. Of course there was Vice President "Indian Charlie" Curtis. He *would* fit in today, perhaps as a director of culture—organizing a people-to-people campaign to sell America.

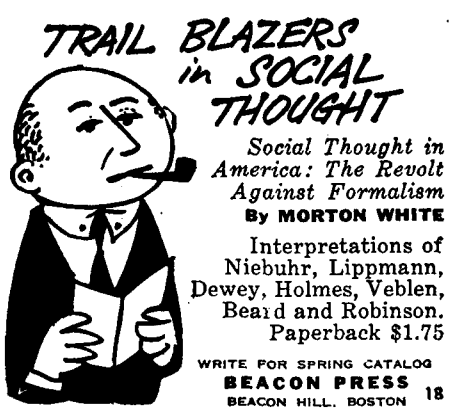
Our style today does not seem to me better than it was in the 1920's: it is only different: the Elks Club incoherence of the late Mr. Harding and the meaningless coherence of the advertising fraternity. In the twenties many of the mighty minds were not opposed to books or ideas as much as they were disrelated to such a world. I believe even the Honorable Simeon Fess wrote a book, although no one remembers it. Today, one suspects that the noble Romans of Washington actively dislike books and ideas. By comparison, you almost come to think that the men of past days were touchingly innocent.

The 1920's were gaudy. Preposterousness was close to dramatic. In its place we have sanctimoniousness. It is as though in many areas of life we have gone from the Reverend Billy Sunday to the Reverend Billy Graham. I can imagine some of the statesmen of the 1920's consorting with Billy Sunday and even allowing the grand old foe of Satan to shout some of the devil out of them before they snuck off to take a snort of the fluid they had, by law, made so attractively illegal. But I cannot imagine them asking the advice of Billy Sunday on politics. If they had consulted Billy Sunday it would be to discourse on Sin and the Evil Eye, not on the political situation in the Netherlands or Australia.

In the 1920's, there was less complacency. For instance, the war against the Devil was conducted with a vigor that would probably be ruled out today as too controversial. Problems were simpler, there was no grave international crisis. The Kellogg-Briand Pact was signed outlawing war, but most Americans did not know about it. They did not worry about anti-Americanism; a Hindu was some kind of high-brow whom the wife could have to lecture for the local ladies club. An Arab was as enviable as Rudolph Valentino and someone to keep your wife away from. The French were frogs who didn't pay their debts and had anyone proposed economic aid programs he would have probably been tarred and feathered. The second Senator Lodge was a youth and perhaps a little smarter than he has ever been since.

BUT these are details. The present is comparable to the twenties in one important sense: it is to the twenties as adolescence is to maturity. The gospel of Service has become more than accepted: it has become intellectually respectable. Platitudes have become the highest wisdom. Dullness has become excitement. The tendencies which Mencken attacked with the best invective ever written in America are winning out. Mediocrity is mass produced: automation is next. Esteemed big men need ghost writers and ghost thinkers even to write the platitudes which had withered on the vine before anyone even knew that the late Honorable Simeon Fess was a mediocrity. And with all this we are developing a higher faculty: the capacity of being bored and loving it.

The twenties were only a forecast. George F. Babbitt has learned how to wear a Brooks Brothers suit. And to laugh you must generally do it alone or in private. There are scarcely any publications which would allow you to do it in public. Mediocrity has elevated itself to the level of sanctification: to challenge it is to commit what is almost the new sin against the Holy Ghost—the sin of controversy. Nero fiddled. Today Mediocrity repeats the hollow platitudes of hope in the voices of a thousand Hollywood reincarnations of Moses on a thousand Sinais and unto each has been given a microphone.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Notes on Contributors

DONALD HALL'S first book, *Exiles and Marriages,* was the Lamont Poetry Selection for 1956. HARRY T. MOORE is the author of several books of criticism. He was briefly a television star on a program called *The $64,000 Challenge.* R. A. SCOTT-JAMES is a British critic. JAMES T. FARRELL has recently returned from a world tour.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

compared with the domestic "problem of McCarthy." The "problem of Nasser" is obviously a compound of many problems: Arab nationalism; the Arab-Israeli dispute; the Suez Canal; Middle East oil; industrialization; land reform; health and education improvements, etc. Is Nasser responsible for the many problems of the Middle East which now confront the community of nations? Would a "clash" with Nasser provide a solution to these problems? The Israeli-French-British aggression provided a clear answer to the thesis that the elimination of Nasser is all that is needed to solve the problems of the Midde East.

Unfortunately, Mr. Halle has apparently joined the group who see all issues and solutions as either black or white. Thus, Eisenhower's approach "means some inevitable appeasement" and the other approach (Halle's ?) means a "clash." Is any settlement achieved by negotiation an illustration of appeasement? A solution to the Arab-Israeli dispute will require concessions by both parties and both must abide by the Armistice agreement of 1949. We have heard much about Arab violations of this agreement, but Israel has been equally guilty and at the present time her troops are still stationed in the El Auja area in violation of the 1949 agreement. A solution is impossible as long as it is assumed that one disputant has a monopoly on wrong-doing and the other is righteous to the point of perfection.

With regard to the Suez Canal, Halle claims that our present policy will put our "friends and supporters . . . at Nasser's mercy." Such a statement reflects the widespread inability, or deliberate refusal, to understand the Egyptian point of view. A solution to the Suez problem is conditioned upon a proper respect by other countries for the long-sought, recently-secured and much-cherished independent status of Egypt. Thus, quite understandably, Egypt resented the role of a pawn in another of Dulles' gambits in brinkmanship. . . . As long as other nations enjoy unquestioned ownership privileges over international passageways, this world must recognize the desire of Egypt to own and operate the Suez Canal. If some form of international regulation over the Suez Canal is desirable (and I believe it is), then the United States must be prepared to place the Panama Canal under similar regulation.

HARRY B. CREWSON JR.

Athens, Ohio

The New Republic *welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.*

► *End of the Postwar World*

SIRS:

THE readers of the *NR* are deeply indebted to you and Walter Lippmann for his clarity of his recent statement (*NR,* April 15) concerning the old world dying and the new one only now emerging. His views of what has happened and is happening when laid alongside the realities of American foreign policies become frightening to behold: that we have avoided catastrophe by sheer luck is difficult to refute. . . .

While still in Germany (1945-47) as food administrator for the American Zone I was told by Germans and a few British that the Russians would move west of their positions at the time of surrender only if attacked by the West. At that early date some perceptive people realized the stalemate (The Red Army vs. the Atomic Bomb) which Mr. Lippmann so vividly describes, and all informed physicists knew the Russian scientists and engineers would soon construct the Bomb.

The late Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson, in a memorandum to Mr. Truman, Sept. 11, 1945, wrote:

> Unless the Soviets are voluntarily invited into the partnership upon a basis of cooperation and trust, we are going to maintain the Anglo-Saxon bloc . . . and . . . such a condition will almost certainly stimulate feverish activity on the part of the Soviet toward the development of this Bomb in what will in effect be a secret armament race of a rather desperate character.

This was accurate forecasting even though an understatement of what has and is happening.

What Mr. Lippmann implies, although he does not specifically state, is that the "Allies" and "Satellites" of both super-powers now know that they cannot be defended in any future war by either; that Europe is certain to be destroyed by nuclear and guided missile warfare if they remain in the Warsaw Pact and in NATO; that, therefore, these bloc alliances serve only the interests of the super-powers, while the other nations become the target for destruction.

This is the real significance of the newest British White Paper. Her Majesty's Government knows that there is no defense for a small, overpopulated industrial nation in a thermonuclear and bacterial war. And this is the only kind of war now possible between the two super-powers. Sometime before the intermediate ballistic missiles are available or issued to the British and NATO powers, an agreement with the Soviets will have to be negotiated. Our "Allies" have no intention of being cremated in our interest.

An understanding of this fundamental fact is vital to the American people if they would avoid the most "Agonizing Reappraisal" of all time. *The New Republic* has made a significant contribution to such an understanding.

HUGH B. HESTER

(Brig. General, USA, Rtd.)

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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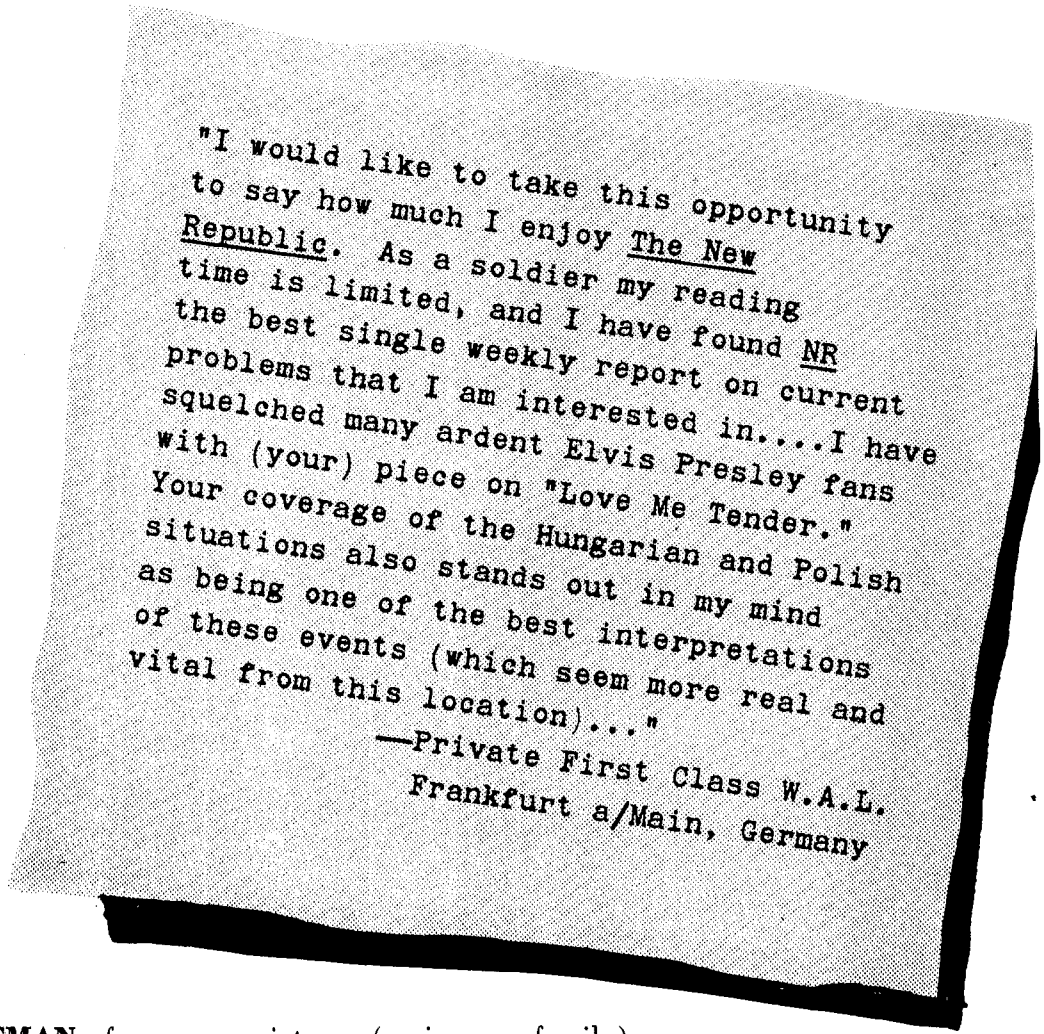
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